

The
Parmachenee
Club





Colonel Henry A. Siegel



Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

THE STORY OF
THE PARMACHENEEL CLUB



Parmachenee Lake
MAINE



An Angler's Wish

*T*IS not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record—or my line.

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream.

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art;
No more I'm wishing—old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

HENRY VAN DYKE



Little Boy Falls—the delight of all fishermen

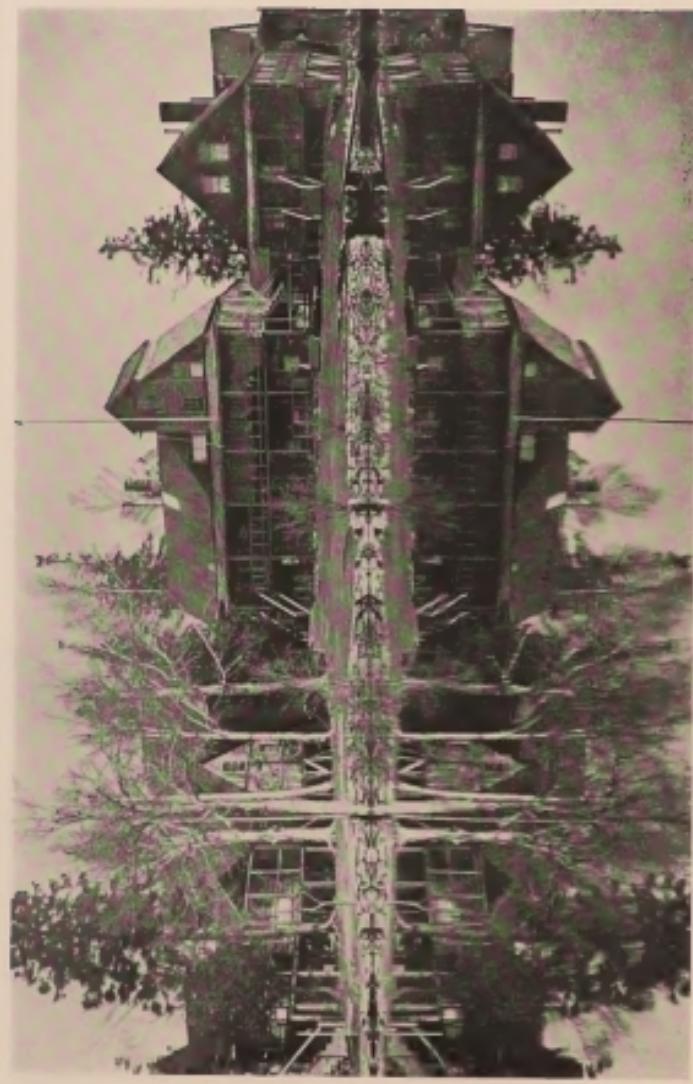
The Parmachenee Club

WHEN Nature calls to men, they respond! They can't get away from it; they never did; and they never will! So felt our forefathers; so feel we today; so will our children feel!

Back in the Eighties, when a distance of a hundred miles from home was considered a real journey, a dozen or more gentlemen felt this urge—which is as old as Man—and into the Maine Woods they trekked, going by railroad, boat, canoe and afoot, far up the Magalloway to what, at that time, was almost the limit of civilization. Not content with the easily accessible streams and woodland, the last of the journey was over a rough trail for several miles, leading up and down hills, through underbrush, over fallen timber, across a marsh or two and finally by canoe from Boscawen Cove, up Parmachenee Lake, to John Danforth's Camp. This was a rude cabin with hand-made beds, tables and chairs.

With good luck, the camp could be reached in three days. A hard journey it was, lugging supplies in knapsacks—so difficult that one might almost threaten never to undertake it again. The sight of the camp, however, with its rough furnishings: the joy of getting back to Nature; the satisfaction of securing one's own food and eating it on oilcloth covered tables with iron knives, forks and spoons soon made one forget the hardships of the long journey. The craving for the enjoyment which only the great out-of-doors can give was satisfied.

Back home again, only the pleasures of the trip were remembered, the scent of the woods, the delightful companionship of kindred spirits, the good fishing and hunting, the enjoyment of hearing and recounting fish stories and other tales; so that season after season, these gentlemen eagerly returned. After a few years, the trips into this section became regular occurrences, of such great pleasure, that nothing was allowed to interfere with them.



The Main Building, connected by a long porch with the cabins

THE streams where one has fished, the forests where one has hunted, the trails that one has followed, have a way of becoming one's own. Not only comes the call to return again and again, but with it develops the desire to retain these "happy hunting grounds" unmolested by intruders. It is somewhat the same sentiment which the American Indians had when they warred against tribes that invaded their hunting territory.

Having hunted and fished in the Parmachenee section for several seasons, it was but natural that these sports-loving gentlemen should develop a desire to preserve these woods and streams for themselves and protect them from the less appreciative. Accordingly, in 1890, the Parmachenee Club was formed and a lease obtained which gave it rights over a territory of 120,000 acres. This allowed the members to roam at will, to hunt and to fish over land and streams extending from the Old Aziscohos Dam above the settlement called Wilson's Mills, to the Canadian line.

"The Camp in the Meadows" was then built on the Magalloway River, about half way to Parmachenee Lake. This was a comfortable camp and had the advantage of being more accessible and at the same time well within the section where trout, deer, duck and partridges were abundant. Moreover, the journey from New York to Berlin and Colebrook was shortened twelve hours which made it possible to spend many more hours at camp and at more frequent intervals than heretofore.

The hunting and fishing was as good as ever and the native born guides not only added to the joys of hunting and fishing, for they knew every nook, pool and stream, but they also possessed the gift for story telling. They played no small part in the camp life, being ready day or night to lead the way or to entertain with legends or tales. The guides of today add much to the enjoyment of the camp.



A view of the lake



The cabins are connected with each other and with the main building

In 1910, the Berlin Mills Company and the International Paper Company, owners of the greater portion of the land leased by the Club, constructed an immense concrete dam at Aziscohos Falls in order to insure an ample supply of water to move the annual cut of timber and to provide a constant flow of water in the Androscoggin River. This placed "The Camp in the Meadows" some twelve feet below the surface of a sixteen-mile lake which the dam created. However, the dam made it possible to reach Sunday Pond by the Club motorboat in one and a half hours. The improved transportation facilities made it possible to push farther into the woods and Camp Caribou, the present camp site, on the island in Parmachenee Lake became headquarters for the Club. This can be reached in twenty-one hours from New York.

The woods, hills and streams have not changed. The hunting and fishing is as good as ever. The air is just as keen and in the hearts of the members the love for Parmachenee still abides. However, the camp itself has changed, making it possible to enjoy life in the open and at the same time have the comforts of a modern camp. There is not just one building, but many cabins connected, by a long porch, with each other and with the big common dining-room. There are baths, toilets, pure spring water piped from the hill across the lake, electric lights, good beds, linen, silverware, china and glass for the dining-room. The Camp farm on the mainland supplies fresh milk, cream and butter. The easier transportation makes it possible to have a variety of food supplies brought from the outside world. In addition to all these comforts and conveniences, a first-class chef makes this a truly delightful place to enjoy those pleasures which were secured only after effort which meant almost hardship in the old days.



Fishermen always have "luck"



A catch that makes a fishing trip worthwhile

importance of complying with them for the preservation and protection of this section.

The members are proud that it was one of their number, Henry P. Wells, who invented the fly which is used by sportsmen the world over and which he named after the Club—the Parmachenee Belle.

Women as well as men participate in the pleasure of hunting and fishing. The fishing is for the most part from canoe or shore and is good. Rare indeed are instances of fishermen having poor luck. There have been many catches of five-pound and six-pound square tails and landlocked salmon and there has always been a friendly rivalry which has added to the enjoyment. The fishermen are not the only ones who have had success at their sport. There has always been good hunting—deer, partridges, wild ducks and other wild life calling to the huntsman. Many are the tales which members have to tell and many are the incidents of earlier days which are recalled. When one makes a trip to Camp Caribou for the purpose of hunting or fishing it is with the certainty that he will have good luck and adventures or successes worth recounting.

KINDRED tastes, especially when they have to do with the great out-of-doors—develop strong, understanding friendships. The Parmachenee Club has indeed proved a "happy hunting ground." With more or less dissimilar tastes in other walks of life, but having the same love for woods and streams, these members have found this common bond uniting them has brought about friendships and experiences which they would not have missed for anything.

The Club still-retains its ideals of good sportsmanship and its desire to preserve woods and wild life so that the pleasure in these may continue indefinitely. Club rules are respected as well as state laws as they realize the im-

IT has not only been the hunting and fishing expeditions which one remembers. One recalls the beauty of the river at twilight, the scent of the woods, a sunset, which stands out in memory as one of the most beautiful ever seen, the grace and charm of the wild life, a flight of ducks, a deer drinking at a stream, a meal cooked in the open which somehow tasted better than any before.

There are many other recollections centering around the Camp—amusing, entertaining, restful and even exciting. One of these is the time some of the members captured a bear cub on the mainland. It was an easy matter to lasso him. Then the question arose as to what to do with him. All seemed of one mind to transport him to the island where other members not in the party might be at a loss to account for the animal.

The trip in the boat was uneventful but no sooner had the boat made camp and the cub landed than the little fellow slipped his leash and made a dive for freedom. Being terrified, the bear made a rush for the camp. The desire of his captors to create a sensation was fulfilled in a degree by no means anticipated by them.

Confusion reigned as the bear rushed about, wreaking havoc at every turn. It was no easy task to recapture Mister Bear and return him to the mainland where it is hoped and believed he has grown to a fine old age despite his unwillingness to live amicably with such companionable company as the members of the Parmachenee Club have always believed themselves to be.

Mention the Parmachenee Club to any of the members. Immediately, they will smile. Any worried lines in their faces will disappear as their thoughts are carried back to Camp Caribou and at once they will begin to tell of happy days along the Magalloway.



The bear that was brought to the island



The beautiful scenery as well as the good fishing appeals at Rump Pond

ANOTHER advantage of the Club of today over the one of earlier days is that the comforts have made the camp increasingly popular with women. They are as enthusiastic as the men over the fishing and hunting. They take a keen delight in walking—following the many delightful trails in the neighborhood. They find it an ideal place for children, who learn to love the great out-of-doors and who under the competent guides receive instruction in fly fishing. The guides are reliable and trustworthy and parents may trust the children to them without having the least worry or care regarding safety.

From time to time rough lunch camps and shelters have been built making it possible to spend a day on the river in much greater comfort. At present there are six of these luncheon camps—located at Indian Cove, Little Boy Falls, Cleveland Eddy, Taylor Eddy and The Fireplace. These are built of rough logs, protected on three sides, the fourth side being left open, and inside there are a table and two long benches. Outside of each is an out-door oven where the guides cook the lunches. The out-of-door cooking appeals to all and "lunching out" is almost a daily occurrence.

At Rump Pond there is a sportsman's cabin which may be used as headquarters for fishing trips in that section. There are also rough accommodations at Lower Black Pond. This pond is unique in that fish caught here are all about of the same length. One fisherman relates of catching fourteen fish, all of which were within a quarter of an inch of the same size. Fishermen know when they start out for Lower Black that they are going to have success. They know if three flies are cast there will be three fish caught, all of approximately the same length, and beautiful in color.



The Rump Pond Cabins



Each cabin has its own living-room with cozy furnishings, an open Franklin stove or a fireplace



The chef plays no small part in the life at the camp

THE future of the Parmachenee Club is foretold by the Club of the present. The spirit of good comradeship and good sportsmanship will always be the same. The woods and streams will always be the same. Due to the careful preservation of wild life, and ample restocking of the waters, it is hoped the fishing and hunting will always be the same. The Club itself will doubtless grow more accessible as the years pass because the trip which formerly took three days now takes only twenty-one hours. Roads are better. Automobiles have displaced buckboards. Motorboats have replaced steamboats. Airplanes have made the twenty-one hour record one of the past rather than the present.

The old form of getting messages to the outside world by means of a personal messenger has now been replaced by a private telephone which connects the camp with the settlement and from there, messages are relayed through so that it is quite possible for a camper to talk with



The hunter as well as the fisherman has success



*Shelters have been built at various
places where the fishing is good.
This one is at Cleveland Eddy*



*Sunlight and shadow alone
the Rump Pond trail*

New York or other sections. It is but natural to believe that further improvements of this sort will be made as the years pass.

No longer need luggage be confined to a knapsack as in the old days. Many such conveniences as these are indicative of future changes which will add to the ease, comfort and pleasure of a visit to the camp.

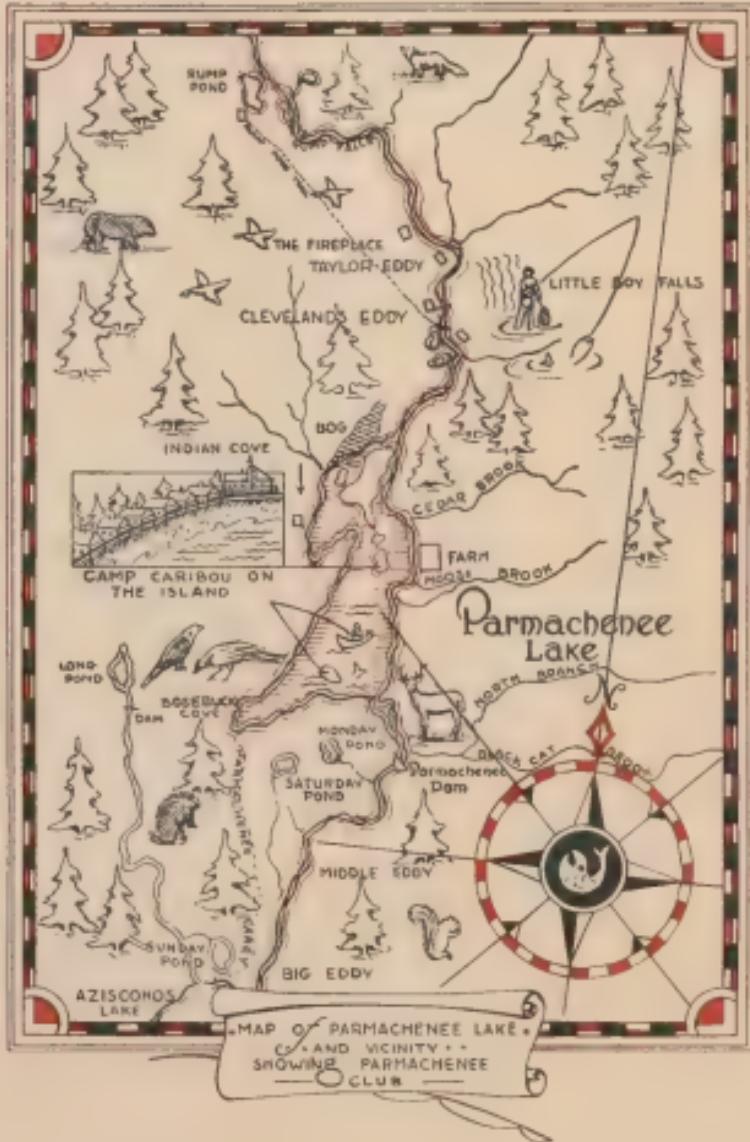
Many members have built new camps or renovated old ones. As time goes on, other new camps will be built. There will always be development in the way of comforts and accessibility. As soon as the ice is gone in the Spring, the Club is opened, and remains open until the end of the season. At present the opening and closing dates are approximately

May 20 and October 1, but as always, the Club will be open as early and as long as the members desire it.

However, the changes which may take place in the camp are more or less minor considerations in the minds of the members. To them, the main factors are the things about the camp that will never change—that here, for the members of the Parmachenee Club and their friends, will be a haven of rest, a place where kindred spirits who hear the call of Nature will respond—and will be satisfied.



The truck on the Carry



*LORD, suffer me to catch a fish
so large that even I
In talking of it afterward
shall have no need to lie.*



